

The Somewhat Tragic Story of Georgie's Savior (IT 2017 Rewrite) by milliewritesthings

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Summary: On one rainy afternoon with a turn of events, Jordyn Garcia converts from being the town's loner to the town's savior in Derry, Maine. Why? She just happened to, fortunately, be there when poor little Georgie Denbrough had gotten his arm ripped off by... something she couldn't even begin to comprehend. (IT [2017] Rewrite)

1. summary

Jordyn Garcia has a lot going right now. From trying to forget about her missing, presumably dead, mother, and deal with her neglective and abusive father, to dealing with high school, being the social outcast of her entire town, dealing with racism every day—due to the color of her dark skin, avoiding and occasionally dealing with Henry Bowers and his gang, she almost has no moment peace. She wished she still had her mother with her, she would know and tell her what to do. She just misses her mom.

Jordyn is known as the town's loner. Mostly due to the fact that many people are straight up racist to her, but even to those who aren't, Henry loves harassing and attacking her, they are too scared, thinking he'll do the same to them as well, she keeps to herself most of the time. But that soon changes. On one rainy afternoon with a turn of events, Jordyn converts from being the town's loner to the town's savior in Derry, Maine.

Why?

She just happened to, fortunately, be there when poor little Georgie Denbrough had gotten his arm ripped off by... something she couldn't even begin to comprehend. A psychotic man dressed up as a clown? With yellow eyes and razor-sharp teeth? In the sewers? She was confused and terrified, but all that mattered to her was that Georgie was safe. But she soon came to know that that wouldn't last long. After successfully saving the little boys' life, she has now made herself a target to 'IT' and 'IT' certainly loves the sweet smell of fear that lingers on the girl like a second skin. When he entered her dreams he was fascinated by how complex and complicated her fears are. He sees this as a challenge. She will be his, all in good time.

Jordyn, now a target of 'IT', has confided and made friends in the Loser's Club. She finally feels like she fits in somewhere, and she loved hanging out with them despite being two years older than them. She soon comes to find out that they all have been seeing 'IT' too. Since no one else in this town cares, and literal children are possibly dying at the hands of this monster, they decide it's up to them to defeat 'IT', but will they be able to defeat 'IT' before 'IT' kills

them all?

2. chapter one

WARNINGS: PENNYWISE, the Bowers' gang, so much swearing y'all, racism, racial slurs, assault, bullying, blood, injury, child abuse, literal child dismemberment (duh), scars, mentions of self-harm (cutting), throwing up/puke, attempted drowning, mention of major oc death, mention of sexual assault

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When Jordyn Garcia woke up at 11:03 a.m. this morning actually wanting to go outside for once, she knew she should've ignored the feeling. She was so stupid for not doing so. It was weird, she never wants too! She usually never went out because the racists would make her feel uncomfortable by glaring down at her and because she never knew if Hell-On-Legs a.k.a Henry Bowers and his goons would be around the corner and that alone made her shiver in fear. But alas she wanted to go out this weekend. She hated to admit it but staying in the house was boring and it was nice out. Despite the cold, scared feeling deep in her gut told her to stay inside, she decided to ignore it and went to brush her teeth and shower.

After showering, Jordyn put on some slightly sheer black tights—to conceal the other scars on her thighs—some blue denim shorts, pink ankle socks and some all-white Vans. She stood there staring at a red Beastie Boys t-shirt. It was a short sleeve.

'Should I wear it?' Jordyn thought to herself. She looked down at her arms. They were both covered in many ugly, straight white scars she inflicted on herself. God, she hated them so much. They stood out so much due to her dark brown skin. She hated herself for doing this to herself.

She angrily stuffed the shirt into the drawer, not caring if it wasn't folded like the rest of the shirts in there and slammed the drawer shut. She huffed, walked over to her closet and threw on a white long-sleeve top and called it a day. She turned the mirror and looked up at her head. After putting some leave-in conditioner in her light brown and blonde mane, she put it in a neat bun. She looked at her finished product and smiled. She liked how new dye and highlights

looked on her.

'Pretty good for a rookie,' she thought to herself. Then she frowned, her hair reminding her of her mother, Priscilla Garcia.

'Mom always loved my hair, she thought it was my best feature...' Jordyn closed her eyes, making a fist and dug her nails into her palms, chastising herself for thinking of her mom– her dead mother. She took a deep breath in and calmed herself down, deciding she was ready and exiting her room.

She went downstairs and sighed at the sight she saw. Her father, Isaiah Garcia, was passed out on the floor, glass and other things all thrown about all over the floor. Jordyn looked down at her father she loved so deeply and shook her head in disappointment. He got super drunk last night... it was an absolute sh... crap show.

Long story short, voices were raised, tears were shed and glass bottles and other objects were thrown. She at first thought the whole thing was a dream but she saw all the bruises and cuts on her knees and calves to prove that last night wasn't a dream. She shook her head at herself, knowing she was smarter than to believe something like that.

She grabbed a broom and swept the glass shards and other things away, throwing them in the trash. She washed her dishes and then grabbed a clean glass, poured some water in it and grabbed some painkillers out of the medicine cabinet, walking over to the living room and setting them down on the surface of the living room table for her father. Jordyn then crouched down and began to lift her father off the ground, well, she struggled to lift him off of the ground.

'Jesus, what does this man eat?' Jordyn thought to herself. She almost dropped him and quickly balanced herself. After a couple more attempts, she managed to lay her father onto the couch. She stood there, trying to catch her breath and stared at her father, shocked by two things; the fact that the man didn't wake up at all during the whole process and that she had managed to find the strength to do that.

She went upstairs, grabbed a blanket and tucked her father in and repositioned his head on the pillow so he wouldn't get a neck cramp.

She kissed her father's forehead and then grabbed the TV remote.

"A clown?!" was the last thing heard from the TV as Jordyn turned it off.

She happily walked out of the house, liking the feeling of the sun on her skin. She contemplated grabbing her skateboard but after thinking it over for a long minute, she decided against taking it with her. She wandered down the street, nibbling on her brownie, enjoying the feeling of the sun on her face and the cool breeze. Jordyn felt like she wouldn't regret this after all.

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After a while of walking around, she found herself being stared at by two white guys and a white girl. As she walked past them she faintly heard the word, "...n*gger" being said in their conversation. The vile word had caused a cold feeling to settle deep in her gut as her chest warmed with anger. Jordyn rolled her eyes because god, she didn't even need to do anything for people to come at her neck.

Then she remembered a certain someone who always uses the dreadful word.

'What if Henry is out here with his little terrorist minions?' Jordyn thought to herself, looking around quickly, scanning the area which, to her luck, was Bower's-gang-free. The word alone reminded her of Henry, since it was a word he used it so much whenever she was around.

Then Jordyn got an idea. She wanted to go to his house to see if they were there, and if they were, then she would continue to enjoy her day-out, in peace. She thought it over and made her way down to the Bowers' household.

After almost ten minutes of silent walking, she came to the bully's house. She walked around the edge of it and went to the backyard. She found the four boys lounging in the back. She thanked her lucky stars and turned to walk away as quick as all Hell but their conversation had caught her attention.

"A clown, Belch? A fucking clown?" Henry said, laughing at Belch. They all started laughing.

"I know! It's weird and crazy but I swear it felt so real, and it was fucking scary as all Hell!" Belch explained. Jordyn laughed quietly. '*Belch is scared of clowns? That's fu... hecking rich.*' Jordyn felt that she needed to stop swearing so much, it's become such a bad habit that she didn't even see it as a habit anymore. She shook the thought out of her head continued to listen in on their discussion.

"Belch, shut the fuck up," Patrick told him, still chuckling.

"What did the clown look like?" Vic asked, looking genuinely interested in what Belch had to say.

"Well, it had the usual white-paint skin, and red nose, lips, and hair. But its mouth was painted in a way that made it look like his smile reached his ears. And he had like huge fucking head. He also had these yellow eyes and these sharp teeth... ugh, it was so creepy, I don't even wanna talk about it."

'Dreams of clowns? With sharp teeth? And yellow eyes?' She pondered. 'Boys are so weird.' But that reminded Jordyn of something... but she couldn't remember exactly what it reminded her of. While she racked her brain, she looked ahead and noticed something near a tree on the other side of the Bowers' backyard. She squinted her eyes and saw it was a red balloon. It wasn't tied to the tree. It was just floating there. Was she imagining this? She thought she saw the balloon getting closer. Her eyes widened in confusion and then she heard a shout. She turned to where the Bowers' gang was and saw them all looking right at her, and they looked livid... 'Fuck.'

She felt her heart beating hard in her chest as the realization dawned on her. She's going to die. They'll kill her. They're going to kill her.

She began to back up and tripped over her feet, landing on her butt. There was a loud 'POP'—that sounded like a balloon popping to be exact—causing the Bowers' gang to look in the direction of the noise.

"What the hell was that?" Henry asked his minions and they all made noises of confusion, not knowing where it came from.

Jordyn looked there too and saw the balloon or whatever the hell it was, it was gone and Jordyn took this as a sign from whoever was above to get the fuck out of there. While they were distracted, she got up and began running as fast as she could. When the boys lost interest in whatever made the noise they turned back to face Jordyn and saw she was gone. They saw that she had already begun running and had entered the woods near Bowers' house.

"You're dead, you stupid n*gger! You hear me?! Dead!" Henry Bowers screamed, chasing after the girl, Patrick, Vic, and Belch quickly following behind.

Jordyn, on the other hand, tore through the woods with a panicked expression, silently thanking Mr. Callahan, her track coach, for making her join Track Field for the past two years. She would've been dead by now if it wasn't for all the dreaded practices she went through. She had heard what Henry said now and that had fueled her to move quicker. She needed to get to a public place. Quick.

Her feet were pounding against the dirt ground and she soon saw the town. She was breathing heavy when she reached the sidewalk. She had heard their pounding footsteps and knew they were gaining on her. She had run down the sidewalk, careful not to bump into anyone while running and looking behind her.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Jordyn muttered over and over under her breath. Because to hell with trying not to swear, she's too busy trying to survive .

When she looked behind her for eighth billionth time, she realized only Belch, Henry and Vic were behind her. '*Where's Patrick?*' She thought as she ran past an alley. Just then she was yanked into the said alley. She yelped before a hand covered her mouth. She turned her head and saw the missing Bowers' gang member, Patrick, looking down at her with a sadistic smile. '*Shit.*' She thrashed against him, trying her hardest to get out of his grip.

"Jordyn, you better stop being a slut and rubbing up against me like that," Patrick whispered in her ear from behind. "You made it very clear that you didn't like me last time. Have you changed your mind, slut?"

Jordyn shuddered at the memory that began to replay in her mind. She remembered feeling his hands all over her and she remembered vomiting and sobbing. She quickly shook it out of her head, fear taking over and she stopped moving. The rest of the gang had turned the corner when she did. Henry smirked menacingly. 'That's it,' she thought, 'I'm a goner.'

"Nice catch, Patrick." Jordyn began to struggle against Patrick's grip and this made Henry happy. He punched her in the face causing her to groan in pain. Belch was wickedly grinned at her.

"Caught a n*gger peeper," Henry said as he glared at her, grabbing her face and forcing her to look at him. He then proceeded to punch her stomach five times, each punch making it harder for her to breathe. She felt the tears cascading down her face. It hurt so bad. Belch and Vic were cheering him on, while Patrick cackled loudly behind her.

"You like peeping so much? Yeah, you little peeper? Well, peep this, bitch," Jordyn soon felt her stomach get swiftly kicked repeatedly. 'Shit, the bruises there would last weeks,' she thought, praying he wouldn't break her ribs.

Henry slapped her, causing her to stumble a little bit.

"Stop moving, dumb whore!" Patrick said, annoyance lacing his voice. Jordyn's legs gave out, she couldn't stand, she could only focus on the pain that made her body physically throb.

Henry had got in her face, and screaming, "Stay up peeping bitch!" She made eye contact with him and his eyes had caused a surge of anger to rise within her. She felt the iron-metallic taste on her taste buds and spit the blood out onto Henry's face.

Needless to say, he was livid. She was surprised at the size of her own balls. She had literally just signed her death wish. He's actually going to kill her this time.

It was silent as Henry just stared at Jordyn. Patrick, Belch, and Vic were just staring, in complete shock. Vic was the first to react. He grabbed Jordyn out of Patrick's grip and shoved her to the ground,

kicking her legs. Belch and Patrick were about to join until Henry stopped them. Vic stopped too.

"To the creek," He simply muttered. Vic grabbed her roughly and threw her on his shoulder twice as rough. The whole way to the creek was a blur to Jordyn, she tried to call out for help but each time received a hard pinch on the backs of her thighs. She knew some people just ignored her because she heard them. *'Those fuckers.'*

She tried so much to... at least do something as they began to go down the hill. She was too busy trying to get a sufficient amount of air in her lungs while crying at the pressure being applied to her very badly bruised stomach from Vic's bony ass shoulders. Jordyn had just heard the rushing water when she was unceremoniously dropped on the hard ground. She winced and looked at Henry's ugly face. He was unnervingly calm for someone with a temper like his. Belch and Patrick took her arms and dragged her to the middle of the creek and held her as she struggled in their grips. Henry reached down and shoved her head back down into the water.

They kept her under until her lungs were burning, and she swallowed a mouth full of water. It got in her windpipe causing her cough some more, inhaling more water. Jordyn began to freak out and thrash. They yanked her up and she coughed it right back up. They were laughing at her. She was in pain, humiliated, crying and struggling to breathe. As soon as they heard her coughing become less frequent they brought back under again. She breathed in the water through her nose this time. She was brought back and she was yelling and coughing so hard, she ended up making herself throw up. It was just water, stomach acid and chunks of brownie, but it angered the group of boys tormenting her right now. She was under again and this time, they pulled her out before she had breathed the water in. Jordyn took this chance and let out a scream so loud, she knew her voice would pay for dearly. Belch let go of her to cover his ears and Patrick put his hand over her mouth, muffling her screams.

Henry acted quickly by bringing his fist down to her face and that shut her up. Blood began to trickle from her nose due to the impact and as it seeped down her face, mixing with the river water that coated her face. Jordyn's head lolled backward as she begged for herself to pass out, to be saved, Hell, even die, she didn't give a single

damn, she just wanted to pain to stop.

"What a fucking bitch," Belch commented as they all dropped her in the creek. They stood up and Henry got in her face, holding her up by the deathly grip he had on her neck.

"If you ever even look at me, I swear I'll skin you alive. Fucking slut," He shoved her into the water and walked away, after his three goons. Leaving her there. Leaving her in pain, bloody, bruised and crying. They were walking away, like as if what they did wasn't attempted murder. Walking away like... like nothing happened.

Jordyn laid there in the water, shivering and feeling every throb coming from her wounds, cuts, and bruises. She didn't know if she was laying there because she didn't want to get up yet or if she physically couldn't. She knew she should have trusted her gut feeling. She's never, ever going outside now, it's only going out to school from now on.

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After laying there for a while, Jordyn lost track of time, she began to feel rain began to drizzle. She moaned in pain and she sat up, looking around.

Nature was beautiful but her view was cut short as she quickly went down into the water. Jordyn began to freak out. *'I'm alone, I know that for a fact. How was I just pulled under?'* She tried to get up but it was something was keeping her from doing so.

Jordyn opened her eyes underwater, she saw orange-red hair. She was just then pulled back up to see just the blur of green from the trees and brought back down. She was terrified. Who was doing this? Was it someone from that racist cult? Jordyn's head was then, abruptly, brought back up, barely having enough time to even take a single breath, and she was shoved back down into the water. This time her head was slammed against the rocks. That was when she started hearing the voices.

'Jordyn...'

'Come with us, Jordyn...'

'Come with us...'

'We float here, Jordyn...'

'Come float with us, Jordyn...'

'You can float too'

'You will float, Jordyn...'

'You'll float too.'

'You'll float too!'

'YOU'LL FLOAT TOO!'

Jordyn came up screaming for air. She gagged and coughed, hunched over, not wanting to get puke on herself, just in case it happened. She then remembered what happened and quickly looked around for whoever was responsible and saw no one. She began to cry, not understanding what had just happened. She was gagging, hiccuping, and sobbing all at the same time.

'I probably have snot and blood on my face, gross,' she thought to herself. She scooped some water in her hands and rubbed over her face, repeating the action a couple of times until she felt within herself her face had cleaned up a little bit. She decided to stay in the water for a couple more minutes, slowly regaining her breath and trying to comprehend what had happened in her mind.

It had been a while of her just laying in the water, she soon felt a drop fall on her face, and roll down her face, neck and mixed in with the other water on her. Then another drop, another and another. Soon she had realized it began to rain and she decided it was time for her to go home or pneumonia would soon rent a space in her chest and lungs. She got up, climbed up the hill and proceeded to walk home... she never knew what was coming next.

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Jordyn was so positive that her bad day was surely over and she could just peacefully yet painfully make her way home. She was wrong. Very wrong. She had been walking home when it happened.

It felt as if the sky had gotten darker with every step she took. The rain was starting to come down heavier with every passing minute. Jordyn had to look up at the sky, hearing the sound of thunder crash above her. '*Well heck,*' she thought. '*Better hurry up.*'

Jordyn began to jog until she reached the corner of Jackson Street. She stopped to take a breather. She was shivering from her cold and wet clothes that were clinging to her like a second skin and felt some water sloshing around somewhere in her, a shiver ran up her spine at the memory.

She was about to continue on her 'merry' way when she heard a scream. She looked in the direction of the noise and saw a small child in a bright yellow raincoat crawling away from a storm drain. She felt the same dread-feeling in her stomach from this morning and before she could even think of what she was doing, she began to sprint in the direction of the screaming child. She then saw a hand began to reach for the little child... coming from inside the drain.

'What the actual fuck?' This fueled her to go quicker.

Just before the hand wrapped around the kid's green rain boots, Jordyn had quickly scooped the child in her arms and took off down the street. The kid in her arms was screaming in pain and fear. Once in her arms, she realized it was a boy. She turned around to look behind her and saw a red balloon sticking out the sewer. It popped and a creepy laugh rang out through the air.

"You'll float too, Jordyn. Just you wait..." She heard right behind her ear. She whipped around, her grip on the kid getting tighter. At the end of the street was a tall man just down the street. A tall clown?

The clown was dressed in all white, a red balloon in his hand and fiery red-orange hair which reminded her of what had happened at the creek. Jordyn couldn't make out the clown's specific facial features but she could tell the clown was smiling at them. Its eyes turned on... literally. They were like bright yellow lights, boring into

her soul, and leaving an unsettling fear in here that she could feel in her bones. The clown rose its right hand to wave at them, tilting its head to the side in a manner that was way too creepy for her liking.

"What the FUCK is that?!" Jordyn swore loudly, her eyes widened. She turned and sprinted until she knew she was far away from whatever that was. She felt like laying on the ground and just dying right then and there; her ribs were practically screaming at her to stop.

When Jordyn had reached a random building she put the boy down beside it, away from the public's eye. She had planned to rest stop to catch her breath and to check on the boy for any injuries. She gasped at the sight of the crying child. The boy had a bloody stump where his right arm was supposed to be.

'Oh my Lord Jesus...' She looked down at herself and 'lo and behold, her once favorite shorts and shirt were a wet, bloody mess. She looked into the boy's sad brown eyes and her heart ached for the child. She decided to talk to him.

"Hey, little boy, what's your name?" Jordyn asked. He looked unsure but he answered.

"...Georgie."

"Georgie? Okay, you got a last name, Georgie?"

"Georgie Denbrough." That last name seemed very familiar to Jordyn.

"Well Georgie, my name is Jordyn Garcia, I'm gonna take you to the hospital, okay?" Jordyn explained to him and Georgie nodded. "I'm gonna pick you up now? Is that okay?" Georgie nodded again. She scooped him back in her arm, laying his head on her shoulder. She began to run to Derry Union Hospital.

"Georgie, keep talking to me, okay? You cannot, and I repeat, cannot fall asleep on me," she told him, not feeling well with the fact that the child wasn't talking.

"But I'm tired," Georgie muttered near her ear. Shit. She could feel the incoming panic attack but she took a deep breath, knowing she had

no time for that at the moment.

"Talk to me, Georgie! Okay? How are you doing? Are you in pain?"

"My arm..." His voice was quivering. Jordyn swore she could feel her heart break for the small child.

"Georgie, I'm so sorry about your arm... Everything will be alright, just hold on for me okay?" Jordyn pleaded and she felt Georgie nod so she spoke up again. "Use your words Georgie."

"Okay," Georgie muttered and that was enough for her. Jordyn then decided to speak up once again, something told her that the silence was not a good thing at the moment.

"So, Georgie, um, do you have any friends?" Jordyn tried to make lengthy conversation but she too busy trying to find the quickest way possible to the hospital. Anything to get Georgie to talk worked at the moment.

"Billie!" *Bill?* Jordyn remembered now! This is George Denbrough, Bill Denbrough's little brother! She was running so quickly and panting so hard, she felt as if her lungs would just give out any moment now. "The boat, he took my boat! Billie's gonna be so mad!" Georgie continued.

"Who took your boat?" Jordyn asked, already fearing the answer deep within her.

"The bad clown! He took my boat!" Georgie cried, sobbing into her shoulder. She was shushing him, trying to calm the blubbering boy when she turned down the street leading down to the hospital. Jordyn wanted to scream with every step, her ribs were killing her. She didn't care, she had to keep going. For Georgie.

She honestly didn't know how it was possible but she ran faster. Something deep within her was telling her she needed to push harder, get there faster, she was running out of time.

She arrived at the hospital and went into the parking lot of the emergency room. Bursting through the Emergency doors of the hospital, many people turned, wanting to see what had caused the

ruckus.

"I need help here! Ma'am, please! He's losing a lot of blood!" Jordyn cried out and ran over to the receptionist, whose eyes were about to pop out of their sockets from how wide they were. She called for help and no more than forty seconds later multiple doctors and nurses burst through some doors. Jordyn quickly ran towards them, handing Georgie to the closest doctor. He was placed on a gurney and wheeled away by the yelling doctors.

"It'll be okay, Georgie! Just hang on!" She called out after them. Breathing hard, ribs throbbing in pain and with tears brimming her eyes, she looked around and saw everyone staring at her. She remembered her bloody appearance and wondered what they thought of her, what they would say to others. 'Yes Becky, the dark-skinned girl was covered in bruises, cuts, soaking wet, had a bloody nose and a bloody shirt and shorts! Burst through the doors, screaming like a banshee! Carrying little Georgie Denbrough, who was missing an ARM, Becky!"

She awkwardly cleared her throat and walked to the nearest bathroom. She took in her appearance. She looked like trash. She splashed water on her face and dried herself up as best as she could.

When she came out, she was motioned over by the receptionist.

"Is he okay?" Jordyn asked.

"He is in surgery, would you like to wait in the waiting room nearby him?" She asked.

"Please..."

"Room 309A." And with that, she was off to 309A. She took a seat in the chairs provided out there. She got into a comfortable enough position for her bruised ribs and let her foot anxiously bounce. She checked the time. It was 5:09 p.m.

'Lord, what a long day,' she thought. After seven minutes of sitting quietly, she began to drift off in the seat. Jordyn couldn't stop herself. She was so tired.

She was later forcibly awakened to someone shaking her shoulders.

3. chapter two

WARNINGS: PENNYWISE, police brutality, racism, racist slurs, swearing, blood, hospital, mention of child abuse, mention of harassment/assault

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Previously:

"Room 309A." And with that, she was off to 309A. She took a seat in the chairs provided out there. She decided it was best not to pace and to just sit and let her foot anxiously bounce. She checked the time. It was 5:09 p.m. 'Lord, what a long day,' she thought. After seven minutes of sitting quietly, she began to drift off in the seat. Jordyn couldn't stop herself. She was so tired.

She was later forcibly awakened to someone shaking her shoulders.

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Jordyn shot up in her seat. "Huh?" She looked around groggily. There was no one around her but a couple nurses down the hall, quietly talking to each other. She groaned, her head spinning from how quickly she sat up. Her head is still pounding from when Bowers smashed her head onto the rocks at the creek. She shook her head, trying to get rid of the pain.

'What the hell just touched me?' She thought to herself. She barely had time to think about that matter because soon, running down the hall, was the Denbrough's, all looking worried, anxious, scared, the whole works. Sharon Denbrough, Georgie's mother, was the first to see Jordyn and she gasped, making Jordyn shoot out her seat.

Sharon made her way over to her and she didn't know what to expect from her. Would she yell at her? Cry? Thank her for saving her child? Would she hit Jordyn, thinking that she was the one who hurt Georgie? She couldn't help but tense up when Sharon Denbrough wrapped her arms around her and sobbed on her shoulders.

"Oh my god, Jordyn. Thank you so much..." Sharon praised her as she hugged her tighter. Jordyn bit her lip to conceal her groan at the pressure of the hug being applied to her bruises on her ribs and, not wanting to get blood on the older woman's clothes, decided against hugging her back. When Sharon pulled away, she looked down at Jordyn and gasped at her appearance, making Jordyn feel very self-conscious.

"They didn't check you into a room of your own?" Zack Denbrough, Georgie and Bill's father, asked Jordyn, staring down at her bloody clothes, cuts, and bruises.

"No, Mr. Denbrough, I'm okay. I got those a while ago," She explained, motioning to her bruised legs. She knew that Mr. Denbrough knew she was lying but she decided against ratting Henry out, she didn't want to deal with that right now. "I just wish I could shower and change at least...Did they tell you what happened?"

"They said that Georgie was brought to the hospital by you and was in surgery. I've never been so scared in my life," Mrs. Denbrough said, her voice shaky. "What happened?"

Jordyn thought about talking about the clown. She was seriously considering saying it. But she didn't want one of the only families who weren't racist or gave her dirty looks to turn on her. Anyways, who would believe her? They'd think she was crazy and that she was responsible for what happened to Georgie. She decided to lie.

"I honestly don't know how it happened. I was walking home in the rain and I heard Georgie screaming... I ran over to him and scooped him up and... his right arm was gone," Mrs. Denbrough gasped, her eyes brimming with tears. She must've not known the details. God, Jordyn felt terrible. She continued, "I was in shock. I ran all the way from Jackson Street to the hospital. When I got here they immediately took him into surgery. I've been sitting here ever since." Jordyn finished. The Denbrough's were in shock. She looked behind them and saw Bill Denbrough, who had tears running down his face. It was such a heartbreak thing to look at, she wanted so badly to go over and comfort the boy.

"The blood... is that...?" Mrs. Denbrough asked, fear in her eyes,

almost as if she didn't want to know the answer.

"Georgie's? Yes, it is..." Jordyn answered, feeling terrible that she had to break the news to Georgie's family. She felt guilty, as if this was her fault.

"Oh my God," Mr. Denbrough exclaimed as the realization dawned on him. Mrs. Denbrough buried her head in her hands. Bill just stared at the ground. Just then the doctor came down the hall and stopped before them.

"George Denbrough?" They all turned around to look at him. Mrs. Denbrough spoke out first.

"That's my son! Is he okay?" She asked desperately, going up to the doctor.

"George is okay. We managed to stop the bleeding and he is getting blood transfusion right as we speak. He is stable and resting right now, and should wake up in a few hours. You got lucky, he must be a natural-born fighter..." The doctor commented and smiled.

Everyone let out a breath which no one knew that they were holding and Mrs. Denbrough hugged the doctor. He soon left, most likely going back to work, and Mr. and Mrs. Denbrough decided to go to the cafeteria to get some coffee, not before hugging Jordyn once more and praising her for saving Georgie's life. Jordyn had never thought about it as saving his life, which she found quite funny. Because now she was a lifesaver, something she never thought she would be.

Bill had decided to stay with Jordyn, in the waiting room. They sat in silence, Jordyn was trying to figure out whether it was a comfortable one or not. Bill was looking down, coughing occasionally. He was in his pajamas too. Poor kid was probably sick. Just then Bill spoke up.

"H-how did y-you get th-th-those bruises a-and c-cuts?" Bill stuttered out. She almost forgot the thirteen-year-old dealt with that. She also knew Bill has had his incidents with Henry, which caused her heart to wrench at the thought, and felt that she could trust him.

"A while before I got to Georgie, I had a run-in with Henry Bowers and his goons down by the creek," Jordyn explained to Bill, causing him to look up, worry in his eyes. "I'm fine, they were mad at me, roughed me up a little bit and almost drowned me down there but they left before that would happen."

Bill still looked worried and said, "Y-you sho-should've been ch-checked into y-your r-room." He coughed then, covering his mouth. "Y-you c-could have w-w-w-water in yo-your lungs."

"I'd rather not deal with that right now. This is about Georgie, not me." Jordyn told Bill. He opened his mouth as if to protest against what Jordyn was saying, but she beat him to it. "Okay, Bill? Promise me you won't tell them about what I just told you..." Bill looked hesitant and Jordyn gave him a look, pleading with him.

"O-okay, fine. I p-p-promise." Jordyn sighed in relief, leaning back into her chair. It was silent again. It felt comfortable to Jordyn. Breaking the silence, Bill spoke up, once again.

"Thank you," He whispered but Jordyn couldn't hear him.

"What?" She asked, genuinely confused.

"Th-th-thank you. I-I-I n-never got a-around t-t-to thanking y-y-you, for G-Geo...Georgie. He's alive b-because of you. I d-d-don't know w-what would've happened i-if he was gone. I-I love him s-so much. He's s-s-so young..." Jordyn heard his voice was cracking, making her heart clench. She scooted closer to Bill and wrapped her arms around him, hoping a hug would help and that he wouldn't mind that she's touching him. He responded by leaning into her touch, getting even closer to her, which made Jordyn smile.

"Hey, you guys don't have to thank me for anything," She whispered to him, her chin on his head, closing her eyes as she rubbed his back, comforting the smaller boy. Just then their silence was, for the third time, interrupted by someone clearing their throat. Jordyn and Bill pulled away slightly, facing whoever made the noise. It was two police officers.

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The police officer, whose name tag read 'Miller', spoke. "Hello, are you Miss Garcia?" Bill and Jordyn looked at each other then at the officer.

"Yes that is me... Is there a problem?" Jordyn asked, feeling uncomfortable underneath the two officers' gaze.

"Miss, you need to come with us," the other officer informed her, his nametag read 'Kelly'.

"W-why?" Bill asked him, wondering, just like Jordyn, why the police was there for her.

"It's just for a couple of questions. It's routine," Officer Kelly explained. Jordyn didn't like this. Something felt off. She looked up at Officer Miller and made eye contact with him. She knew that look he had in his eyes. It was suspicion.

"I didn't do anything..." Jordyn told them, not liking where this was going. Everything in her told her to run but turning her back to police officers was not a good idea. At all.

"No one said you did anything..." Officer Kelly, raising an eyebrow at her in suspicion. There it fucking was! Jordyn knew she wasn't jumping to conclusions.

"But you do! You think I did something to Georgie! I can tell! I didn't do anything to him!" Jordyn said, getting very defensive, standing up now, Bill following her actions. The officers seemed very annoyed.

"Hey, you lower your voice now, n*gger..." Jordyn thought she was going insane. Did Officer Kelly just... call her that? No, she must've been going crazy, her ears are deceiving her. Bill's eyes widen at the use of that word.

"You are coming with us whether you like it or not," Officer Miller said, an angry look in his eyes as walked over to Jordyn and aggressively grabbed her wrists, placing her in handcuffs. She gasped at how tight they were, the metal pinching her skin. "You're a terrible person... his arm? A six-year-old's arm? You are going to rot in prison, n*gger."

"G-get off her!" Bill yelled, trying to pry Officer Miller's arms off Jordyn.

"Back off kid," Officer Kelly said as grabbed Bill's arm. "Wouldn't want your n*gger friend here to get charged with resisting arrest as well." This just angered Bill to no end. Just then, thank God, Mr. and Mrs. Denbrough come around the corner. They see us in this position and come running down.

"What is the meaning of this?!" Mr. Denbrough exclaimed when he arrived to the scene. "Hey! Get your hands off my son, right now!" Officer Kelly quickly let go of Bill.

"Why is Jordyn in handcuffs?" Mrs. Denbrough asked, looking scared and worried.

"M-mom! They w-were arresting her b-b-because they cl-claim she attacked G-Georgie! They w-wa-ant her in jail and are r-racist too!" Mrs. Denbrough gasped. Jordyn winced as Officer Miller's grip got tighter. Jesus, the bruises just keep coming. "Th-they were calling her the-the n-word and told me th-they would cl-claim that she was re-re-resistant arrest as w-well."

"What?!" Mrs. Denbrough yelled out. "You get your hands off her right now!"

"Ma'am—" Officer Kelly started but Mrs. Denbrough was not taking any of his shit.

"I honestly cannot believe you would even consider the possibility that she could do this! Get your hands off her right now!" Mrs. Denbrough said, getting in the officer's face. Jordyn was shocked at how angry Mrs. Denbrough was.

"I'm bringing this up to your bosses!" Mr. Denbrough exclaimed, looking infuriated.

"We are just bringing her in for some questions," Officer Kelly looked kind of nervous. He was trying to cover it up.

"If a minor is in custody of the police, it's illegal to question them without a guardian present," Bill said, very 'matter-of-factly' and at

that moment Jordyn wanted to kiss the boy.

"Yes, that is true, and so I say, once again, you get your grimy hands off her right now," Mrs. Denbrough looked about ready to kill. Officer Miller uncuffed Jordyn and she took a step towards the Denbrough's. Mr. and Mrs. Denbrough immediately moved to stand in front of her, creating a barrier between her and the cops. Bill was holding her hand which caused her to blush.

"Okay since this isn't going anywhere, we'll get in contact with her father and we'll all go down to the station," Officer Kelly explained and Jordyn scoffed, good luck with that. Getting her father to do something other than go to work, get drunk and yell at her? It's damn near impossible.

"Thank you," Jordyn told the Denbrough's after the cops left, the relief in her voice very evident. They were all looking at her, a mixture of relief, disbelief and anger on their faces, baffled at the fact that their town's law enforcers would do this to a girl like Jordyn. Mrs. Denbrough went to hug her. Mr. Denbrough brought his oldest son into a bone-crushing hug, relief on his facial features.

After calming Bill's parents down, Bill and Jordyn began to explain the situation, making sure not to leave out any details. The adults then decided to take a walk to calm themselves and to figure out what they would do to make those officers pay. Which left Bill and Jordyn once again alone, only having each other for entertainment.

After a while of them talking, Bill decided to nap, since his cold was making his chest hurt. Jordyn sat in silence with he napped. Minutes later, the same doctor from before showed up and made eye contact with Jordyn, who immediately sat up the moment the man appeared.. She was dying to hear about Georgie's status.

"How is he, Doc?" She asked, walking towards him so she wouldn't have to speak any louder and accidentally wake up Bill.

"He's doing just fine, the blood transfusion went well, his body accepted the blood with no issues. He's up right now if you want to see him," the doctor explained to her.

"Thank you so much, I was so worried," Jordyn admitted, feeling utter relief to the news about Georgie's condition.

"Well, thanks to you, the boy is alive. You can go talk to him but you have only a couple of minutes, he needs plenty of rest."

"Thank you, so so much." And with that Jordyn made her way down a few doors to Georgie's room. She debated whether she should wake up Bill or get his parents to talk to georgie first, since they were his parents after all, but Jordyn had to talk to Georgie first. The police were involved and her and Georgie had to get their story straight because the moment the word 'clown' would come out their mouths... Jordyn had an inkling that it wouldn't end well for her. She then reached the door. She sighed, knowing that what she was about to do would be quite challenging, and altogether selfish but it was for Georgie's good.

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Jordyn entered the room slowly, not knowing what she was about to see at first. The first thing she saw was darkness. The door opening shown some light into the darkened room. And with the hallway light she saw Georgie resting peacefully on the bed. The first thing she tried to do was turn on the light. The dark room was giving her a vibe she really didn't want right now. But the light wouldn't turn on.

"What the hell?" She asked herself. 'You mean to tell me, Georgie has been lying in darkness this whole time?' She thought to herself. After flicking the switch over and over again, she gave up and made her way over to his bed.

Just as she reached the middle of the room, lighting outside struck outside, causing light to flash all over the room for a split second. And in that split second, she saw something. Something that made her jump with a scream.

In the corner of the room was that clown thing, only this time it was way closer than last time. It was like over 6 feet tall, had the same white clothes, big head and red hair. She saw his bright yellow eyes and he was grinning at her. His sharp, rotten teeth were poking out and he was staring right at her. Jordyn put her hand over her mouth,

muffling the rest of her scream, her eyes wide with fear. Just then, it was once again dark and Jordyn didn't know what to do. It could be anywhere. She could run but it would catch her and kill her, or she could she run and it would get Georgie. Jordyn could swear she had never felt this much fear in her life. She couldn't see. She was stuck. It could kill her right there. It could kill her and Georgie. Jordyn then heard a voice near her ear.

"You interrupted my meal, Jojo-Bear," Jordyn felt her hair stand at the back of her neck as she gasped at the name. Her mother was the only one who called her that. How did this thing know that name? "And you're gonna pay for that. Buuuut not just yet... I can already tell you're gonna be sooooooooo much fun to play with."

"Jordyn, is that you?" Another child's voice, which she recognized as Georgie's, called out softly.

And with that, light suddenly flooded the room. Jordyn looked at Georgie and saw that he was very much awake now. Jordyn shuddered and then whipped around the room, looking for any sign of that clown.

"What are you doing? Why was it so dark before?" Georgie asked looking at her weirdly as she returned from checking the bathroom and then proceeded to check underneath the bed. Jordyn after checking that the coast was clear, well for now, sat down on Georgie's bed, still really tense. Her mind was racing. What is that thing? How did it know her nickname her mother gave her? What did it mean by 'fun to play with'? Did she just imagine that? There's no way it could've gotten in here... How did it even get in here?

Georgie saw Jordyn's conflicted face and felt worried for her. Even though he didn't know much about her, he knew she saved him from the evil clown in the sewers and that meant she was a good person. He tried again. "Jordyn?"

This caused her train-of-thought to stop and she looked at him. His concerned face brought her back to reality and reminded her what she came here to do. After what just happened, she knew she had to do this, despite how guilty it made her feel.

"Georgie. I'm sorry, I must've freaked you out," she began. "I just came to check up on you. How are you doing?"

"I'm fine now. I'm really tired though." He stated.

"I bet you are, you've been through so much today, if I were you, I'd probably sleep for an entire month," Jordyn joked, causing the six-year-old boy to laugh lightly at her comment. She smiled down at him and her eyes landed on where his right arm should be. The sight of the wrapped up stump brought tears to her eyes. She quickly wiped them away and decided to get down to business.

"Georgie, I'm about to tell you something very, very important and I need you to listen to me very carefully," She stated, her voice going serious. Georgie could tell by her tone that she was going to say something vital. He nodded and waited for her to continue.

"Georgie, you can not tell anyone about the clown," Jordyn implored. This seemed to take Georgie aback.

"But why? He's the one who hurt me," Georgie countered, not getting why he shouldn't tell anyone about the clown. They would put him away. Because he did something very bad to him. Like permanent time-out, forever.

"Georgie, I know I may sound weird but bear with me," Jordyn said, trying to figure out how to word her next sentence. "We have to lie because no one will believe us."

"Why won't they believe us?" Georgie asked and Jordyn sighed, racking her brain for the right answer.

"Georgie, they won't believe us when we tell them a clown attacked you because it sounds crazy and made-up," Jordyn tried her best to explain.

"But—" Georgie began but Jordyn didn't let him finish. She was going to try to convince him using another way.

"Georgie, the police, they... they don't like me," She admitted. Georgie was confused once again.

"Why don't they like you, Jordyn?" To him, he seemed like a really nice girl, not to mention that she saved him, again.

"They don't like me because of the color of my skin," She truthfully told him, letting that information sink into the boy.

"The police are one of those people?" Georgie asked, seeming shocked that the people that are supposed to protect him and keep him safe are mean to people with darker skin. "The mean people who don't like others because they are born different than them?"

"Yeah," Jordyn was surprised at how smart Georgie was at such a young age. The boy never understood why people didn't like people with darker skin, they were born that way, they aren't bad at all. His mom told him to stay away from people like that.

Jordyn continued. "So since they don't like me, when they think we are lying, they'll think I was the one who hurt you, and that I made you lie to them, and then they'll take me away for a long time. Do you understand that Georgie?" The boy nodded his head. He didn't want her to go away. He liked her here. She made him feel safe.

"I don't want you to leave, Jordyn," he said, tears brimming his eyes and his bottom lip quivering. Her heart ached for the small child.

"Okay, then let's make up a story to tell the police." Then it seemed to click in Georgie's mind.

"You want me to lie?" Georgie asked, his eyes widening in shock at what Jordyn wanted him to do.

"Yes, please, please do this for me, Georgie" she begged the little boy.

"But Mom and Dad say to always tell the truth," the child countered. Jordyn sighed, knowing she'd have to persuade him again.

"It's just this once, Georgie, because remember if we tell the truth then I'll get taken away, to some bad, bad place. And what's gonna happen if the clown shows up again? I'm gone and no one but us knows he exists, who is going to protect you from the evil clown?" Jordyn insinuated. Then Georgie fully understood but he was hesitant.

Jordyn, on the other hand, was feeling as if she was the biggest piece of shit person in all of Derry. The whole situation was just awful and selfish and she couldn't even believe she was doing this to the poor child. She was asking this little boy to lie so she could protect herself. She felt absolutely pathetic.

She tried to reassure Georgie once again. "But it's okay for now, because I killed the clown." She lied to him.

"You killed him?!" Georgie said, not believing it at first.

"Yes, I killed him and I have stick around to protect you, just in case he comes back to life somehow and tries to hurt you again. I don't want you to be alone. I'll protect you everyday. I'll become your babysitter! How about that?"

After thinking it over, the little boy nodded his head. "Okay, I won't tell anyone about the clown."

"And by anyone, that means anyone and everyone. That includes Mommy, Daddy, your friends at school, the police, strangers, teachers, adults, everyone. And Bill, too. Especially not him. Not unless I say so. Promise?" Jordyn asked, just to be sure. Georgie nodded, understanding that he had to keep this secret a secret as if his life depended on it.

"I promise."

"Okay, we'll tell them that an animal we've never seen before attacked you. We can't describe it because it moved too quickly and it's scary for you to remember. And that, you saw me grab you and tell you I'm taking you to the hospital but that you can't remember anything past that because you passed out. Then, I'll say I arrived after it... took your arm and that I caught a glimpse of it but then it disappeared. Then I carried you to the hospital." Jordyn explained, and Georgie nodded, knowing what he had to say in order to keep Jordyn from going to the bad place the mean policemen would take her. He saw it as a way to repay Jordyn for saving him, instead of lying. He viewed as saying thank you to her. Jordyn sighed in relief and leant down to kiss the youngest Denbrough's forehead.

"Thank you, Georgie, you have no idea how much this means to me," Jordyn continued, feeling glad that she managed to convince Georgie. She told the boy to rest because their time was up and that when he wakes up again his mom and dad would be here to check up on him.

Before she left, she made sure to do another check around the room to see if that clown was still there. After making sure that it was just Georgie in his room, she made her way out, back to the waiting room, slightly feeling as if she was being watched. Little did she know, there was a red balloon, floating right next to Georgie's window, the entire time.

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Weeks later, after the whole incident, Georgie had been released from the hospital and was now making a nice recovery. Mrs. Denbrough had brought both Georgie and Jordyn to the police to give their statement, since Jordyn's father seemed to disappear more than usual after Georgie's attack, she never got the chance to bring the topic up to him.

Jordyn had a hunch that he was avoiding her this week, he which he chose the perfect week to do, might she add, and it angered her but at the same time, she felt relieved. She doesn't want to have to deal with her father's wrath after having to ask him to join her down to the police station. Her father isn't exactly the nicest man alive. She really wasn't lying when she said that getting her father to do anything other than go to work, get drunk and yell at her was impossible.

Furthermore, Georgie had kept their promise and didn't tell the police about the clown. Their stories had matched and despite how hesitant and suspicious the officers, they were free to go. Soon the police were searching for some made-up wild unidentifiable animal, mostly a bear or a mountain lion of some sort, and told the people of Derry to beware since it had brutally attacked a young boy.

At first, Jordyn felt bad that she was sending the police on a useless goose chase but it distracted them from her and at the same time, she liked knowing she was wasting those racists' time. It was like payback

in her eyes.

Throughout the following weeks, the Denbrough's settled down. Georgie was still getting used to being left-handed but he was happy with his family. Jordyn, after talking to Ms. Denbrough, had become Georgie's and Bill's babysitter, like she promised Georgie. It was a win/win situation, if they really thought about it.

Jordyn came over everyday, now having a reason to break her stupid promise she made to herself of never going out after her Bower's beating, she got to avoid seeing her dad, she was making money and she wasn't as lonely. Bill and Georgie were happy to have her around. After she warmed up to them, they soon realized that she was really funny and nice to be around.

Also Jordyn thought that after the whole incident and talking with the police, everything would go back to normal. But nope. Jordyn soon figured out that word got around about her and Georgie really quickly and she was now known as a savior in Derry. She was even put on Derry's breaking news on TV and was put on the front paper of the newspaper! She was shocked.

While she walked down the main streets of Derry or at school, more people stared at her and some even thanked her for her bravery but some racists just couldn't believe a black girl could do something good and glared at her even more. She just ignored them, like she always.

Also, Bill had introduced Jordyn to his three best friends, Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak and Richie Tozier. They accepted her really quickly and she hung out with them almost everyday since she babysat Billy and Geo almost everyday. It was kind of awkward at first, hanging out with boys two years younger than her but she soon realized the kids were pretty cool. And after warming up to them they all just... clicked. She got along with all of the boys, forming different little bonds with all of them.

Her and Bill had more of a brother-sister friendship. They saw each other the most, so they knew most of each other's secrets. She was always looking out for the stuttering boy, and he was always looking out for her.

With Eddie, she had more of a motherly friendship with him. Even though she perfectly knew the boy could take care of himself and that he didn't need someone to smother him, since his overprotective mother did that enough, she couldn't help but feel like she had to protect the boy. She would always defend him when she could tell he was getting beaten down. He liked how she made him feel safe and how she gave him a sense of independency that his mother would have rather die than to give him.

Richie and Jordyn had a partners-in-crime type of friendship. Always helping each other when the other was in trouble, always doing little pranks on the other boys, joking around and teasing each other always. You could always hear them laughing at something, whether it was at each other, their dumb puns or their comebacks, they knew how to give each other a good time.

But with Stan, it was almost the complete opposite. They had a very laid-back type of friendship. They could always come to each other if they had to calm down, they would sneak out of each other's houses to have quiet walks late at night. They could talk about anything, about their day, controversial topics, anything that came to mind. They also had the best inside jokes, and whenever it was mentioned or referenced in any type of way, they would literally laugh their asses off while Bill, Eddie and a very irritated Richie would just stand there confused as to what just happened.

She was happy with her new friends and she soon realized she felt truly happy for the first time ever since her mother's disappearance. A thing she swore she thought she would never feel.

But what was most important to her and put her on edge the most was the fact that she hadn't seen the clown since her encounter with it in Georgie's hospital. After Georgie's attack, a lot of kids had gone missing, so many have gone missing that the town has a curfew now, and it left a sinking feeling in her stomach. She almost felt guilty. But what could she truly do? No one would believe her.

She was constantly looking behind her back, always scanning whatever room she was going to enter before actually entering it, was constantly tense and she could get scared more easily, which Richie just enjoyed so much.

Her usually peaceful dreams had been plagued with nightmares of darkness, kid's screams, yellow eyes and sharp, bloody teeth. It was tiring on her part, to act as if she wasn't fearing for her and Georgie's life 24/7, and to have to reassure Georgie that it was dead. She hated always being on edge.

She felt as if she was being watched constantly and she wanted to crawl out of her skin and hide in a dark hole forever. But she had to be strong for Georgie and just ignore the feeling of being watched, telling herself that it was nothing but her paranoia and possible PTSD. But little did she know that she was correct about being watched.

A pair of gleaming, sinister yellow eyes watched her walk down her regular path she took every day to walk to school. IT could smell her fear and its' mouth watered. IT could just take her right then and there. But no, IT had to wait. After taking a peek into her mind, and saw it as a gold mine of fears. Behind the '*brave*' act this girl put up was a *messed* up, scared little girl.

'What if making her even more scared, made her taste even better?' IT laughed, knowing that he would have a lot of fun with her. She had no idea that that summer, which was rapidly approaching, would be a memorable one, but just because it was memorable, that didn't mean it would be a good one.